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ON THE
D E A T H
 OF
 SIR DAVID FALCONER
 OF
NEWTON,

Lord President of the Council and Session.

Not to disparage other *Hero's* praise,
 Whose Temples have been wreath'd with *Themis*
 In this our Age we truly may averr, (Bayes:
 None liv'd more lov'd, then worthy *Falconer*.
 The Barr declar'd him Learn'd and Elcquent,
 The Bench a Grave Judicious President.
 His Parents, Children, and good Lady, prove
 His great Obedience, Piety, and Love.
 His Life (ah! short) was from his tender Youth;
 All Diligence, Integrity, and Truth.
 Nothing could him from equity withdraw.
 Law's a dumb Judge, he was a speaking Law,
 And could no more from that just Rule decline,
 Than *Sol* can stray from the Ecliptick Line.



R. D.